And Ile informe you how theſe things fell out.
Iuliet here ſlaine was married to that *Romeo*,
Without her Fathers or her Mothers grant:
The Nurſe was priuie to the marriage.
The balefull day of this vnhappie marriage,
VVas *Tybalts* doomesday: for which *Romeo*
VVas baniſhed from hence to *Mantua*.
He gone, her Father ſought by foule conſtraine
To marrie her to *Paris*: But her Soule
(Loathing a ſecond Contract) did refuſe
To giue conſent; and therefore did ſhe vrge me
Either to finde a meanes ſhe might auoyd
VVhat ſo her Father ſought to force her too:
Or els all deſperately ſhe threatned
Euen in my preſence to diſpatch her ſelfe.
Then did I giue her, (tutord by mine arte)
A potion that ſhould make her ſeeme as dead:
And told her that I would with all poſt ſpeed
Send hence to *Mantua* for her *Romeo*,
That he might come and take her from the Toombe.
But he that had my Letters (Frier *Iohn*)
Seeking a Brother to aſſociate him,
VVhereas the ſicke infection remaind,
VVas ſtayed by the Searchers of the Towne.
But *Romeo* vnderſtanding by his man,
That *Iuliet* was deceaſde, returnde in poſt
Vnto *Verona* for to ſee his loue.
VVhat after happened touching *Paris* death,
Or *Romeos* is to me vnknowne at all.
But when I came to take the Lady hence,
I found them dead, and ſhe awakt from ſleep:
VVhom faine I would haue taken from the tombe,
VVhich ſhe refuſed ſeeing *Romeo* dead.
Anone I heard the watch and then I fled,
VVhat after happened I am ignorant of,
And if in this ought haue miſcaried.

By me, or by my meanes let my old life
Be ſacrificed ſome houre before his time.
To the moſt ſtrickeſt rigor of the Law.
Pry: VVe ſtill haue knowne thee for a holy man,
VVheres *Romeos* man, what can he ſay in this?
Balth: I brought my maiſter word that ſhee was dead,
And then he poaſted ſtraight from *Mantua*,
Vnto this Toombe. Theſe Letters he deliuered me,
Charging me early giue them to his Father.
Prin: Lets ſee the Letters, I will read them ouer.
VVhere is the Counties Boy that calld the VVatch?
Boy: I brought my Maſter vnto *Iuliets* graue,
But one approaching, ſtraight I calld my Maſter.
At laſt they fought, I ran to call the VVatch.
And this is all that I can ſay or know.
Prin: Theſe letters doe make good the Fryers wordes,
Come *Capolet*, and come olde *Mountague*.
VVhere are theſe enemies? ſee what hate hath done,
Cap: Come brother *Mountague* giue me thy hand,
There is my daughters dowry: for now no more
Can I beſtowe on her, thats all I haue.
Moun: But I will giue them more, I will erect
Her ſtatue of pure golde:
That while *Verona* by that name is knowne.
There ſhall no ſtatue of ſuch price be ſet,
As that of *Romeos* loued *Iuliet*.
Cap: As rich ſhall *Romeo* by his Lady lie,
Poore Sacrifices to our Enmitie.
Prin: A gloomie peace this day doth with it bring.
Come, let vs hence,
To haue more talke of theſe ſad things.
Some ſhall be pardoned and ſome puniſhed:
For nere was heard a Storie of more woe,
Than this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo*.

FINIS.